

Plenty of Excitement in U. S. War Games



At the left Blue army tanks crash through the Red army's lines amid a smoke screen to pave the way for an infantry attack in the war games near Hillsboro, Tenn. In picture at right steel-helmeted members of the 101st Airborne Division are seen in action during successful "attack" on an objective hill at Camp Edwards, Mass.

"Little Stories for Bedtime"

by Thornton W. Burgess

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE HEMLOCK TREE

When hope goes out, despair comes in. And then the battle's hard to win. DO you know the meaning of the word despair? It means the feeling that there is no hope, not the least bit of hope. It is a dreadful feeling. Bobby Coon knows all about it. It is a feeling which makes you want to let go and not try any more, or else do something very desperate, which means something which you would never think of doing if you had any hope at all.

When Bobby Coon, looking down from his hiding place near the top of the young hemlock tree in the Green Forest, saw that the hunters knew by the barking of the dogs that he



Up went Farmer Brown's Boy and down came Bobby Coon.

was in that tree a terrible fear clutched at his heart. Still he did have a little hope. He knew that the way they walked round and round the tree that they couldn't see him. The branches of the young hemlock were thick and the light from Mistress Moon made the shadows very black. It was where the branches were thickest and the shadows were blackest that Bobby was hiding. So as he watched the hunters walk round and round, all the time looking up, he knew that they couldn't see him and in spite of his terrible fear a little hope began to grow in his heart.

But when at last Farmer Brown's Boy began to climb the tree hope went out and despair came in. If Farmer Brown's Boy kept on his way to the top he was bound to find him. Bobby knew that. And what could he do? Nothing. Just nothing. Away that is the way it seemed. Of course he might jump to the ground, but there were those dreadful dogs waiting for him. If there

had been but one it would have been different. There might have been just a wee chance that he could get away. But with two there simply was no chance at all. If only he had chosen a tree a little nearer to other trees so that he could have crossed from one to another. But there wasn't a tree near enough to this one for him to do that.

Nearer and nearer came Farmer Brown's Boy. Bobby's heart seemed as if it would pound to pieces with fright. He felt so hopeless. He kept still as long as he could. Then, almost without knowing what he was doing, he began to climb down. Yes, Bobby Coon began to climb down. You see he just could not sit still a second longer, and as he couldn't go up he had to go down.

Up went Farmer Brown's Boy and down came Bobby Coon. One was on one side of the tree and one on the other. Was Farmer Brown's Boy going to be stupid enough to let Bobby Coon pass without seeing him? Bobby didn't want to see him. He got so near that he seemed to be looking right into the eyes of Farmer Brown's Boy. He knew then that Farmer Brown's Boy did not see him. There was no doubt about it. Bobby didn't know whether to go on or to stay where he was and fight as best he could if Farmer Brown's Boy tried to hurt him. He drew back his lips so as to show his teeth, his sharp, white teeth, and he started to growl. And just at that very minute he saw something in the eyes of Farmer Brown's Boy that made him change his mind. He didn't know why, but somehow he had a feeling that Farmer Brown's Boy didn't want to hurt him and didn't mean to hurt him.

Bobby kept right on down one side of the tree while Farmer Brown's Boy kept on up the other. Bobby waited until he saw a chance and then softly dropped to the ground and ran. He knew it wouldn't be long before those dogs found his tracks and it wasn't. But it gave him time enough to reach and climb another tree, a great chestnut that would not be easy for the hunters to climb.

Farmer Brown's Boy looked very foolish as he climbed down from the young hemlock tree to join the others. At least he tried to look foolish as the other hunters made fun of him for letting Bobby Coon get away. He wouldn't for the world have them suspect that he had joined them in their hunt so as to save Bobby Coon. No one would have guessed it to have seen the eagerness with which he led the way to the tree at the foot of which the dogs were now barking.

(Associated Newspapers—WPA Service.)

Ty Cobb Wins Match



Ray Joslyn of the Golden Rule Farm for boys in Franklin, N. Y., for whose benefit this charity golf match was played at the Commonwealth Country club, presents Ty Cobb with the Bette Davis trophy which he won in the Georgia Peach Invitational with his fingers the three-up score in which he beat Babe Ruth.



ONE of the most effective propaganda devices is the so-called "peace offensive," as pointed out in the clarifying book, "War Propaganda and the United States," by Harold Levine and James Wechsler. Kaiser Wilhelm launched a "peace offensive" move after taking Bucharest in 1916, and Hitler did the same thing after taking Warsaw in 1939. Such announcements are intended to leave the impression that continuance of the war is desired by the opponents. However, the peace offensive is really a disguised form of victory drive, for it means peace-at-any-terms or not at all. Many "nonaggression pacts" have the same propaganda value.

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WOMEN helped by 2 ways
by CARDUI
Popular 61 years



By L. L. STEVENSON
Almost 22 years have passed since Jack Dempsey won the world's heavyweight boxing title. Nevertheless Jack, who is 46 years old, is still an athlete. He weighs 220 pounds and is as hard as nails. He boxes regularly and still likes to crawl through the ropes and face a ring opponent though naturally his wind and legs are not what they were on that terrifically hot Fourth of July, back in 1919, when he felled Jess Willard at Toledo. He does a great deal of traveling as he spends much of his time acting as a referee of boxing bouts all over the country. When in town, if he can get away from his restaurant business or other chores, he plays golf. Also he frequently takes walks in Central park. In the park, his companions are two pretty girls. They are his chief source of amusement. He is five years older, the other seven. They are his daughters.

During the coming fiscal year it will cost \$1,827,475 a day, including Sundays and holidays, to maintain the city of New York. That's at the rate of about \$76,140 an hour or \$1,269 a minute. In light of war time defense spending that total does not seem huge.

Yet it represents an outlay of more than \$90 for each man, woman and child living in the five boroughs. The money necessary to pay salaries and provide the various services supplied by the city of course comes from taxation. Real estate owners pay the bulk of the cost. During the year they will pay \$573,740,394, much of which will be collected from rent payers by landlords. The rest of the budget money will come from the state and other sources.

Young women of the last century didn't flock to cocktail bars and night clubs for the simple reason that to visit a bar meant loss of reputation and there were no night clubs. They spent a lot of their time making fancy cushions which were used as gifts at weddings, birthdays and christenings. I acquire that information through visiting an exhibit of handwork of fair ladies of the past at the Museum of the City of New York. The cushions are dainty and beautiful. The cushions are dainty and beautiful. The cushions are dainty and beautiful.

Most elaborate gate I've seen in New York—incidentally the most beautiful—is the bronze portal at the motor entrance to the Bronx park zoological gardens. It was executed by WPA workers. I'm told, and it certainly is a fine example of what can be done. Follow you'll find it certainly is a fine example of what can be done. Follow you'll find it certainly is a fine example of what can be done.

Going uptown on a bus top the other afternoon, two young women were discussing a friend who had been spending her vacation in Bermuda. "And she flew back," remarked one of the girls. "All the time she was in Bermuda, she reminded me of an absent-minded friend, when a friend informed him he had been down to Bermuda, asked innocently enough, 'Did you drive?'" That must have been more than 10 years ago but he hasn't been allowed to forget about it yet.

Dorothy Jaffe, who runs a large matrimonial bureau, is proud of the fact that in the last five years she has played Cupid to 10,000 couples. However, is that she married one of her own clients. It happened in 1936 when she first founded her own matrimonial bureau. One of her early patrons was a dignified lawyer who was looking for a wife. He died. He died. He died.

Latest Tanks Offer
Cushioned Interiors
CHICAGO—No longer will the army tank take seven soldiers, most stir and shake with it. The men will sit on cushions much like the modern bar stool and wear latex-cushionary crash helmets to further prevent face injuries and body bumps, the 18-foot tanks will be lined with air-cell latex sponge.

Vera News

Vera, July 30: Walter Robertson, of Washington, D. C., was home for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Harvey, of Richmond, spent the week-end with Mrs. R. H. Coleman.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hatcher spent Sunday with Mrs. R. H. Coleman. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Covington, of Lynchburg, also visited in the same home.

Miss Irene Garrett, of Lynchburg, spent the week-end with her parents.

Mrs. Bennett Gilliam, Mrs. W. E. Gilliam, of Prospect, spent the week-end with Mrs. R. H. Coleman.

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Renew your subscription.

PERSONAL
Giant—tell Paul to use his head. Tell him you're going to do better with your hair than you did last time. You've learned about Runtel's hair cream. Now tell him all the cakes and lozenges he is so fond of. For with Runtel you can use any good recipe without worrying about how much baking powder you ought to use. The amount is in the Runtel's hair cream. It's in the Runtel's hair cream. It's in the Runtel's hair cream.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Coleman were guests of Mrs. Maude Abbott Saturday evening.

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Evergreen News

Evergreen, July 29: A few nights ago a neighboring farmer, on returning from the city 4 1/2 miles, where he had been for a late evening, was reminded by his more thoughtful better half that his granary door was open. He went to look up for the night. However, it being very dark, he turned his flashlight on the open door while he was yet a little way off. Just as he was about to get close enough to identify him, and he was satisfied that no grain was taken.

I am sure that I have never seen better crops of corn and tobacco than one sees everywhere one goes. Perhaps there is enough moisture in the ground now to mature the early corn. However, much late corn and tobacco will need continued showers. The first pruning of the best crop of flue-cured tobacco is now in progress, and the prospect now is for a most profitable crop of this much sought after weed.

One sees some wonderful crops of ground growth and clover that have grown up since the rainy season set in. This is the crop usually harvested for hay.

J. M. Clapp is on a business trip to eastern N. C. this week.

Mrs. C. C. Goehring and her two children, Barbara and David, who have been visiting her mother, Mrs. G. M. Goehring, returned to Montgomery, W. Va., last Wednesday for a visit.

Mrs. Ida O'Keefe and Mrs. Gilbert Williams, of Pamplin visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ransom, of Evergreen, last Monday.

Recent visitors at Westside were Mr. and Mrs. Donovan Penn, and four children, Phyllis Ann, Donna Lisa, Barbara and Dorothy, who were near evergreen Sunday evening. Also, Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Allen and son, Gene Ray, of Farmville, were supper guests Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Coleman.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Epps, of South Boston visited Mr. and Mrs. W. Ransom last week-end. With the Clarks, they visited in Crews Sunday.

Hollywood Briefs

Hollywood, July 22: Miss Willie Webb, of Farmville, was a recent guest of Mrs. Richard Webb.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Franklin called on Mrs. D. L. Smith Sunday evening.

Those visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Franklin Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Franklin and Mrs. Eva Franklin, all of Lynchburg.

Mrs. D. L. Smith and family called on Mrs. Johnny Carter Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Berkley Brown and Mrs. D. L. Smith and family were Sunday dinner guests of Mrs. Alex Goble.

Mrs. Henry Lewis and son spent part of last week with Mrs. John Lewis.

Mrs. M. K. Garrett and daughter, of Kentucky, who spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Garrett, left last Wednesday for Lynchburg, before returning to Kentucky.

Mrs. W. P. Ransom returned from a visit to Lynchburg Wednesday night.

Annie C. Martin, who spent last week in Lynchburg, returned home Saturday.

OUR DEMOCRACY

THEY ALSO SERVE
SOLDIER, SAILOR, MARINE, MECHANIC, SHIPWRIGHT, RAILROAD, TRUCKER, — OUT FRONT FOR AMERICA.



EVERY PREACHER, EVERY FAMILY DOCTOR, EVERY INSURANCE MAN, EVERY NURSE, EVERY TEACHER, EVERY STENOGRAPHER—ALL WHO WORK—ARE MAINTAINING OUR FAITH, HEALTH, SECURITY.

AS WE WORK, WE ARE MAKING DEMOCRACY WORK.



WE WON'T let him down

MAYBE he is your son—who smiled so cheerfully when he boarded the troop train. Or maybe he is that serious young fellow who worked next to you. Or that happy-go-lucky boy of your neighbor's.

Whoever he is, he's an American and he is proud to do his bit for Uncle Sam. He won't let us down!

Remember this—only the railroads can transport the huge quantities of food and

Bethany News

Bethany, July 29: Jack and Dwight Paulett, of Portsmouth were home for the week-end.

Private Otis Allen, of Fort Meade spent the week-end with his mother, Mrs. Katie Allen.

Fred Martin, of Petersburg, was home for the week-end.

Private David Paulett, of Camp Croft, S. C., and Miss Elizabeth Morris, of Lynchburg, spent the week-end in the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Paulett. Mrs. Edward Moore of Charlotte Court House, spent Sunday in the same home.

Ms. and Mrs. Herbert Deadman, and children, Jimmy Harvey, and Miss Martha Harvey, of Petersburg, visited Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Harvey over the week-end.

Mrs. Mildred Clark has been visiting her daughter.

Mrs. W. C. Paulett and daughter, Mrs. Katie Allen, visited Mrs. Hugh Cabiness Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Paulett of Lynchburg, Mrs. Scott Cumber, Howard Cumber, Marvin Paulett, and C. W. Kutz, of Evergreen, visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Paulett Monday night.

Curtis Paulett spent the week-end at home.

Spout Spring

Spout Spring, July 29: Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Milner and children, of Baltimore are visiting in the home of Gordon Miller and R. C. Dillon.

J. E. Chick is out after a recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Steele and children, of Roanoke are visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dickerson.

A. C. Almond, who has been sick, is much better.

A union revival is in progress at Spout Spring Baptist church. You are invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. McGuffin spent the week-end with their home people at Bridgeport.

Mrs. William Patra, of Washington is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Chick.

Mrs. Nannie Auld, of Georgia, is spending the week-end in the home of her sister, Mrs. J. D. Chick.

J. C. Hudgins
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The "Sunday School Lesson" published each week in this newspaper has been adopted by thousands of churches throughout the United States as a weekly part of their weekly work. It is a review and exposition of the International Lesson for each week, prepared by Dean Harold L. Landquist of the Moody Bible Institute at Chicago, a recognized leader in the nation's church work. Dean Landquist has been active in teaching youthful groups for years, thereby acquiring an insight into the needs of these people for understandable explanations of Bible passages. In view of his accomplishments in church work, it is not surprising that Dean Landquist's exposition of the weekly Sunday School lesson is being used in almost every community of the nation. As teacher or student you will find it extremely helpful.

A regular feature of THIS PAPER

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Norfolk and Western Railway